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FARM CLUB SONGS

LOYALLY YOURS,
B. H. PATTERSON.

FARM CLUB SONGS

Written and
Compiled by
B. H. PATTERSON

Price, 50 Cents

Published by
B. H. PATTERSON,
Music Publisher,
LOCKWOOD, MISSOURI

219 213

**To My Little Son,
Bennington Hood Patterson,
Whose daily song is,
"I'll Stick to the Farm Club, Boys,"**

5545
P3
1921a

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Printed in the United States of America
—M. F. A.—
THE PATTERSON PRESS, Printers, Lockwood Missouri

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no 1

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Realizing the need of a collection of good songs suitable for use in the great Farm Club work, and at the request of a number of the leading M. F. A. workers, the Publisher has written and compiled this pamphlet of "Farm Club Songs."

This work was undertaken during the busy farming season, at a time when the farmer, including the Publisher, was in the midst of the battle to raise and save another crop, and, for this reason, the collection is not as large and complete as it was hoped to make it. However, the desirability of having such a book for use at the big State Convention, and other occasions, has made it necessary to get the book out in the shortest possible time.

If "Farm Club Songs" should help make the Farm Club meetings more interesting, and the task of the Loyal Worker easier, it will have fulfilled its mission.

The Publisher desires to thank those who have helped in this work, and the name of the author has been published where it was possible to ascertain the same.

Trusting that we may win the Great Farm Club fight, and that the principles for which the Missouri Farmers' Association stands may be adopted by the Farmers in every State, County and School District in the great United States, I am,

Loyally yours,

Sunny Valley Farm,
Lockwood, Missouri,
July 31, 1921.

B. H. PATTERSON.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

Preface

It affords the Publisher exquisite pleasure to offer to the Loyal Farm Clubs of Missouri, and to Organized Farmers everywhere, this new and Enlarged edition of "Farm Club Songs." Every worthwhile farmer song possible to obtain has been included. This book has, therefore, over twenty good new Farm Club Songs not found in the first edition.

We feel that "Farm Club Songs" is a necessity in every wide-awake Farm Club, or other gathering where farmers are trying to right the wrongs done them by organized Greed and that the songs herein will help to "set the woods on fire" even on a rainy day.

Thanking the good Farm Club Folks of Missouri for their liberal reception of my first book, and trusting to be of further service to the Great Farm Club Cause, I am, as ever,

Loyally for the M. F. A

B. H. PATTERSON.

Lockwood, Mo.
October 3, 1921.

:: ::

There is a slogan royal
That I would like to teach,
It has few words: "Stand Loyal,
And practice what you preach."
"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 1.

WE'LL ALL WORK TOGETHER

(Air, "Marching Through Georgia.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Call the Boys together, now,
 Lets have another song;
Sing it with the pep and vim
 That moves the world along;
Soon we will be organized,
 Ten hundred thousand strong,
And we'll all work together.

Chorus:

Hurrah, Hurrah!
The Farmer's bound to win.
Hurrah, Hurrah!
We'll stick through thick and thin,
Till we own the market road,
From field to miller's bin,
And we'll all work together.

2. How the farmers shouted
 When they heard the joyful news;
Many who once doubted,
 Now have changed their silly views;
The profiteers and gamblers now,
 Are shaking in their shoes,
For we'll all work together.

(Chorus)

3. The poison squad is trying hard
 To keep us boys apart,

Farm Club Songs

To make us think we'll get nowhere,
 So what's the use to start?
 But we're tackling every job
 With brave and joyous heart,
 And we'll all work together
 (Chorus)

4. The equity, the Union,
 The Farm Bureau and our Club,
 Have all agreed upon a plan
 To sell the nation's grub,
 We'll sell it by the ship-load,
 Or enough to fill a tub,
 And we'll all work together.
 Chorus:

No. 2.

THE BATTLE CRY OF VICT'RY
 (Air, "The Battle Cry of Freedom.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Let us rally to the Farm Clubs,
 We'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,
 We will rally from the hill-side,
 We'll gather from the plain,
 Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,

Chorus:

In union we're winning, Hurrah, boys,
 Hurrah!

Down with the gamblers, up with our
plan.
For we'll rally to the Farm Clubs,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,

2. We will answer to the call,
Of our leaders o'er and o'er,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry
For we want production cost, boys,
And just a little more,
Let's shout the battle cry of vict'ry.

Chorus:

3. We will welcome to our Farm Clubs,
The loyal, brave and true,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,
And al-tho' you may be poor,
Our good cause will see you through,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,

Chorus:

4. So we're springing to the cause,
From the east and from the west,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,
And we'll hurl the robber crew
From the market they love best,
Shouting the battle cry of vict'ry,

Chorus:

No. 3.

HAIL, YE FARMERS

(Air, "Hail Columbia.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Hail, ye farmers of our land,
Hail, ye heroes, Heav'n born band;
Who worked and toiled in wind and sun,
To feed the nations till they won,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Was cheated of eight billion bone.
Co-operation is our boast,
Ever mindful of the cost,
Ever striving for the prize;
Let its alter reach the skies.

Chorus:

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying to our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

2. Hail, ye farmers, rise once more,
Defend your cause stand by your store,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Sow seeds of discord in our band,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well earned prize.
We want a square deal, true and just;
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That Truth and Justice shall prevail,,
And every scheme of gamblers fail.

Chorus:

Hail! Sound the tramp of fame,
 Let the M. F. A.'s great name
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause
 That all may help our noble cause,
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, with God-like power,
 It guides us in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.

Chorus:

No. 4.

LOYAL FARMERS

(Air, "My Maryland.")

Words by T. A. Campbell.

1. All loyal farmers, welcome here,
 Cheerful are our hearts today;
 Now, tell us, we would gladly hear,
 How our cause speeds on its way.
 Here we all pledge ourselves anew,
 That we'll not touch the poison bait,
 To our Exchanges proving true,
 For we are here to educate.
2. The profiteers on every hand,
 Have knocked the farmers' market
 down,
 There is a profiteering band,
 Now infesting every town.
 A million farmers are in line,
 And fighting valient in the fray;
 Up! Onward, brothers, till we win!
 Then shall dawn a glorious day.

No. 5.

FARMERS, AWAKE!

(Air, "Flag of the Free.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. Farmers, awake! Life is at stake!
Ye who have toiled 'mid the thunders of war;
If you would cheer your children, dear,
Organize quickly from mountain to shore.
Fight for your Freedom, don't be a slave,
Stand by each other, our good cause to save,
While through the sky loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore.
2. Farmers, awake! Do not forsake
Your fellow farmers who fight bravely on,
In Liberty's van, For manhood of men,
Striving for right through the years that are gone.
Pride of our country, honored are they,
Stand by their side if ye would win the day,
While through the sky, rings loud the cry:
Union and Liberty! One evermore.
3. Farmers, awake! lest gamblers break
Our agriculture, and steal our loved home;
Open your eyes, let's organize,
That we may prosper in years yet to come.
Don't let your greed today lose the fight,
Your friends are making for Truth and the Right,
But, through the sky, ring loud the cry:
Union and Liberty! One evermore.

No. 6.

FARMERS' WIVES

(Air, "Maryland, My Maryland.")

Opening song for Women's Farm Clubs.

Words by Mrs. George Newlin

1. We are happy, loyal band,
Farmer's wives, Oh, farmers' wives.
We'll organize this mighty land.
Farmers' wives, Oh, farmers' wives,
We'll work until our Clubs shall reach
From sea to sea and this shall teach
That farmers' wives are not so slow,
In Missouri, you must know.

2. Our aim shall be to study this,
Farmers' wives, Oh, farmers' wives,
The higher, nobler things we miss,
Farmers' wives, Oh, farmers' wives,
We'll teach our children how to be
Upright and loyal, don't you see?
We'll work for schools, too, as we go,
In Missouri, you must know.

3. We'll promote friendship, banish woe,
Farmers' wives, Oh, farmers' wives,
Away with drudgery, our foe,
Farmers' wives, Oh, farmers' wives,
And not the least of these, we say,
Be loyal to the M. F. A.,
And help it ever grow and grow,
In Missouri, you must know.

No. 7.

FAREWELL, GAMBLERS

(Air, "Good-night, Ladies.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

Good-bye, grafters, good-bye, grafters,
Good-bye, grafters,
We're going to fix you now.

Chorus:

Merrily, we'll organize,
Organize, organize,
Cheerfully we'll organize,
Over the U. S. A.

2. Farewell gamblers, farewell gamblers,
Farewell, gamblers,
We've got you going now.

Chorus:

We will get a better price,
Better price, better price,
We will get a better price,
In the good U. S. A.

3. Sweet dreams, gamblers,
Sweet dreams, gamblers,
Sweet dreams, gamblers,
That's all you'll have to do.

Chorus:

We will own the market road,
Market road, market road,
We will own the market road,
In the good U. S. A.

No. 8.

DRY YOUR TEARS

(Air, "Convict's Dream.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Let me tell you folks a story,
I will make it very plain,
How we have worked for loved ones,
Many years through toil and pain,
Carefully my mother taught me,
Through my happy careless youth,
To be honest, ever faithful,
And to stand for right and truth.
Soon I married, settled down,
And ceased any more to roam;
Then I bought a little farmstead,
'Twas our place, we called it home.

Refrain:

In my little home I'm staying,
Interest on a loan I'm paying,
And to God I'm daily praying:
"Help me through the coming years,
Teach me to increase my earning,
Then this heart shall cease its yearning
When I pay off that old mortgage;"
Dearest wifey, dry your tears.

2. Down the lane beyond our cottage,
Stood a schoolhouse, lone and drear,
When school was out 'twas empty,
Till they taught another year.

Farm Club Songs

Then the farmers in our district,
 Joined a real live Farm Club band,
 Now we've learned to work together,
 And I think the plan is grand.
 We have saved a lot of money
 On things we have to buy,
 And we're getting better prices
 For our stuff because we try.

Refrain:

• • • •

Sheet music of above song sent post-
 paid for 17c.

No. 9.

WE'RE WINNING.

(Air, "It's Morning.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. Several years ago,
 We were awful slow,
 And we didn't have a bit of sense;
 The man behind the plow,
 Didn't know just how
 To sell the stuff he raised at great
 expense;
 Then our good Bill Hirth,
 Who used to cause us mirth,
 Showed us farmers how to organize;
 Fought for a square deal,
 Made the gamblers squeal,
 You can bet your socks, now, we are
 wise;
 Look here, guys,

Refrain:

We're winning,
 Don't you hear the boys a crowing?
 We've got the gamblers on the run,
 For our Farm Club move is growing
 Soon, now we'll sit in on the board
 of trade,
 And see that to each farmer a just
 price is paid;
 We're winning, (rooster crow.)
 We're winning.

2. Now we're organized,
 And you'd be surprised,
 The big commission men have found
 it out;
 They are talking love,
 Great Scott! and stars above!
 Isn't that enough to make you shout?
 Soon we'll have a man
 In each big town who can
 Get a better price for our good stuff.
 So, let's co-operate,
 Don't take their poison bait,
 And, you bet, we'll call the packers'
 bluff.
 That's enough.

Refrain:

Music of above "Air" sent postpaid for 23c.

No. 10.

THAT PENNY GRABBING HABIT

(Air, "That Working Habit.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Will you listen to me, Farm Clubs,
While I tell to you,
This selling eggs to packers,
It will never do;
Some folks sell out for a penny more,
Now, that kind of business, boys,
Just makes me sore.
I'm a telling you farmers, now,
We'll have to stick
To our Farm Club Exchanges
If we turn the trick.
That penny grabbing habit is mighty
bad,
And I'm glad that is a habit
That I never had.

Refrain:

That grabbing at pennies is mighty
bad,
And that is a habit that I never had,
I'm a telling you folks, now, I'm
mighty glad,
That penny grabbing habit I never
had.

2. When our Farm Clubs organized
Our Farmers' Store,

The produce men began to pay,
 a penny more,
 Thought they'd kill our business,
 In a month or two;
 But they'll never kill it,
 I'm a telling you,
 For we have done more business, now,
 Since we've been here,
 Than at the present rate
 They'll do in many a year,
 So let us work together and we will
 win,
 That penny grabbing habit is a
 mighty sin.

Refrain:

Music of above "Air" sent postpaid for 23c.

No. 11

LET IT ALONE

(Air, "Let It Alone")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. In going through this pig iron world,
 It's sometimes asked of you,
 To give advice at certain times,
 And tell folks what to do;
 Now, at these times, I'm going to tell
 Just what's the wisest plan,
 When it comes to mixing in with things
 You don't just understand.

Refrain:

Let it alone, let it alone,

If it don't concern you, let it alone,
Don't go four-flushing and putting on airs,
And a mixing into other folks affairs;
If you don't know, say so,
Mind your own business, and let it alone.

2. Now since the farmers organized
Their loyal Farm Club band,
And started out to sell the stuff
They raise upon the land,
The gamblers and the profiteers
Are giving free advice;
"Your Farmers' Store will soon blow up,
We'll pay a higher price."

Refrain:

Let it alone, let it alone;
Get awful busy and let it alone;
Don't let them feed you their poison bait,
For you'll be sorry when it's too late,
But be good, and saw wood,
Stay with your own business and let it alone.

3. Suppose that luck's against you,
And while on your weary way,
Along some side street you should find
A produce man, we'll say,
He's talking very friendly now,
And tells you how he's wise,
How the Cold Storage is robbing you,
And a lot of other lies.

Refrain:

Let it alone, let it alone,
He's paid for lying, so let it alone;
Don't listen to a lot of lies,
And carry them home to your neighbor guys
But get hep, and have some pep,
Study your own business, and let it alone.

4. If you see two people fussing,
Well, a man and woman, say,
You know that it's not nice for them
To carry on that way;
He's trying to take their produce
To the Packer's store, I fear,
And this lady swats the gentleman,
With an old egg on his ear.

Refrain:

Let it alone, let it alone;
You don't know the people, so let it alone;
They know their business right, all right,
They have an egg fight every night,
If you go butt in,
They will break your chin,
Turn around and beat it, and let it alone.

5. Now folks, I'd like to stay right here,
And sing to you all day,
But there are other gentlemen,
Who have a word to say,
So when I sing this spasm, I'll quit,
And give these lads a show,

To tell you folks a lot of things,
You really ought to know.

Refrain :

Let me alone, let me alone,
For I have finished, so let me alone,
Don't ask me for another trick,
For they might hit me with a brick,
So, here's how, I'm going now,
Listen to these other boys,
And let me alone.

Music of above "Air" sent postpaid for 23c.

No. 12.

THAT FARM CLUB CAMP MEETING

(Air, "Georgia Camp Meeting.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. A big meeting took place,
By the Farm Club race,
Away down at *Springfield;
There were folks large and small,
Lanky, lean, fat and tall,
At this great Club camp meeting;
The leaders spoke out,
And the people did shout,
They were so happy,
For they have a plan,
That will beat the robber clan,
If they're loyal to a man.

Refrain:

When we first began here to organize,
Then a lot of big guys,
Started telling their lies;
But the loyal farmers caused great
surprise,
For that we were wise
No one now denies,
And determined to win the prize.

2. When the Storage we bought,
How the produce men fought,
For they saw their finish;
They put up the cash,
Our good business to smash,
And offered market bribes.
But our leaders were true,
Saw the Cold Storage through,
Say, boys, we're winning!
Be loyal—it's right—
And we'll win this noble fight,
And the whole world will see our light

Refrain:

* Name of any place may be substituted.
Music of the above "Air" sent postpaid for 27c.

Tell me if you can what kind of a man,
Is the man who will pass up his Club,
And go to the guy who robs him to buy
All his twine? Would you call him a "dub"?
"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 13.

JUST A-DRAGGIN ALONG

(Air, "Draggin' Along.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Why is I livin', lordy only knows,
Got no money, nothin to eat,
An' a-wearin ragged clothes,
Feet all out upon the ground,
De bosom of my pants 'bout gone,
For I've worked hard 'bout all my life.
And I've been what you'd call right
strong.

Refrain:

Well, I ain't been livin', nohow,
Just a-draggin' along.
I've worked all day without much pay,
An' I think there's somethin' wrong.
Po'kehops, chicken, fo' them what can,
But all I ever gets is a lick at the pan
Well, I ain't been livin', nohow,
Just a-draggin along.

2. I'se been unlucky all my doggone life,
Nineteen hundred bought a farm
An' took myself a wife.
Took dat gal right by my side,
An put her in my little home,
An started a-workin', hard an' long.
To make dat money come.

Refrain:

Well, I ain't been livin', nohow,

Just a-draggin' along;
 Guess I'se too dogsone measly slow,
 To catch a train dat's gone.
 Now we've got chillun' to beat the
 band,
 I don't know how to feed 'em an'
 pay for this land.
 Well, I ain't been livin,' nohow,
 Just a-draggin' along.

(Sheet music of above song sent postpaid for 17c)

No. 14.

RALLY TO THE FARM CLUB

(Air, "Rally 'Round The Flag.")

1. Yes, we'll rally to the Farm Club, we'll rally once
 again,
 Shouting the farmers' cry of freedom.
 We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the
 plain,
 Shouting the farmers' cry of freedom.

Chorus:

The Farm Club forever, hurrah boys, hurrah!
 Down with the packer, up with the farm.
 While we rally to the Farm Club, rally once again,
 Shouting the farmers' cry of freedom.

2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
 before,
 Shouting the farmers' cry of freedom.
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a thousand
 farmers more,
 Shouting the farmers' cry of freedom.

No. 15.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,**OUR CAUSE IS MARCHING**

(Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. In my little home I sit, thinking of the farmer's lot,
How for many years we've worked in sun and rain;
How we tried to build a home,
For the wife and little tot,
But it looks like now our toil had been in vain.

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our cause is marching,
Cheer up, comrades, let's be gay;
For we know our cause is just,
And we'll whip the robber trust,
Then I'm sure that we can make the old farm pay.

2. Long our little Farm Club band
Talked and worked from day to day,
For they longed to see the farmers organize;
But for years they would not heed,
Did not see how it would pay,
But I'm glad to say that now they're getting wise.

(Chorus)

3. While we labor at a loss,
We are waiting for the day,
When we'll own the road to market for and near;
And our weary hearts rejoice,
For we know we'll have the say,
When we sell the stuff we raise at cost so dear.

(Chorus)

No. 16.

GET AWAY, PROFITEERS.

(Air, "Dixie.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. I wish I lived in a land of freedom
From profiteers, we do not need 'em,
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.
In such a land of milk and honey,
Profiteers couldn't grab your money,
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.

Chorus:

Guess I'll go back to Missouri, Hooray, Hooray
For in that land there is a band of loyal Farm Club
boosters,
Away, away, away down in Missouri,
Away, away, away down in Missouri.

2. They passed some laws in the legislature,
That changed the gamblers' ugly nature,
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.
They have robbed the farmers for years and years,
That's why we call them profiteers.
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.

Chorus:

3. These profiteers have a little game,
'Twould make the devil blush with shame,
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.
They'll sell a dime's worth and charge you a dollar,
Isn't that enough to make you holler,
Get away, get away, get away, profiteers?

Chorus:

4. So hoe your corn and scratch your gravel,
 We're going to make those gamblers travel,
 Get away, get away, get away, profiteers.
 We'll show them we can manage our own selling,
 And that's just why you hear us yelling,
 "Get away, get away, get away, profiteers."

Chorus:

Well, I'm going to **Missouri**, Hooray, Hooray,
 For in that state, "co-operate"
 Is the war cry of the Farm Clubs,
 Away, away, away down in **Missouri**,
 Away, away, away down in **Missouri**,

No. 17.

ON THE FARM IN OLD MISSOURI

(Air, "My Old Missouri Home.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Well, I'm back down on a farm in old **Missouri**,
 Where I spent so many happy childhood days,
 But of late this farm life does not seem so cheery,
 For it seems that everything has changed its ways.
 Oh, how well do I remember in my childhood,
 How that two-bit corn was fed to two-cent swine,
 And we had to hunt the cows out in the wildwood,
 Now, I know because both of these jobs were mine.

Refrain:

Many years have come and gone,
 Since I left that dear old home,
 Years of travel that have filled my head with sense,
 But tonight I have returned
 To the farm that I once spurned,
 Where a living I can make at less expense.

2. Now we feed the hogs good corn that costs a dollar,
And we cannot sell them for a dime a pound,
And it takes a load of wool to buy a collar,
Or a bunch of steers to buy a good wolf hound.
But the farmers now are working with each other,
They're determined to control the profiteers,
Soon they'll own the road to market, now, my brother
Then better times we'll have through coming years.

Refrain:

There's a loyal Farm Club Band,
Organized throughout the land,
And they're fighting for the farmer, far and near,
And I'm sure that we will win,
For we'll stick through thick and thin,
And we'll get a better price another year.
(Sheet music of above song sent postpaid for 17c)

The busy little honey bee,
Works hard from dawn till dark,
To gather the ambrosia and store it in his ark.
When his crop is harvested, he thinks to take his ease,
A great two-legged giant
Comes and robs the little bees.
Just so with the farmer, he works, too, all day,
Producing abundant surplus,
And hopes to "make it pay."
'Long comes another giant,
And takes the fruit of his toil,
Yes, he's just like the honey bee, this tiller of the soil.
"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 18.

THE FARMERS' CLUB

(Air, "Send The Light.")

Words by Mrs. Hattie Kirchner.

- 1 There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless land,
 Join our Club, join our Club,
 There are men to gather to this Farmers' band,
 Farmers' Club, the Farmers' Club.

Chorus:

- Join our Band, this hearty Farmers' Band,
 Let's be known from shore to shore,
 In our band, let us united stand,
 Before the world, forevermore.

2. Let us hope that Loyalty may here abound,
 In our Club, in our Club,
 And a friendly spirit everywhere be found,
 In our Club, in our Club.

Chorus

3. Let us not grow weary in the work of our band,
 Farmers' Club, the Farmers' Club,
 Let us gather members who will stick and stand,
 For our Club, for our Club.

Chorus

- Now, where is the "dub" who passed up his club,
 And went to the dealer to buy
 His binder twine? I hear him whine,
 "The dealer's price was too high."

"Rimes" of the Times.

Farm Club Songs

No. 19.

FIGHTING FOR THE FARMERS' RIGHTS

(Air, "We're Tenting Tonight.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. We are fighting today for the farmers' rights,
Give us a song to cheer,
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Waiting for the time to come,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To own our little home.
Working today, fighting today, working for that
time to come.

2. We've been working for years for the farmers' rights,
Toiling at times in vain;
The farmer has had to carry the load,
'Mid hardships, toil and pain.

Chorus:

3. We are tired of the way they have treated us,
Throughout the weary years,
They have robbed us of the stuff we raised,
In toil and sweat and tears.

Chorus:

- 4 We've been working for years for the farmers' rights,
Many brave hearts are sore,
But determined are we to stay to the end,
We'll fight forevermore.

Chorus:

No. 20.

To William Hirth.

I'LL STICK

(The Missouri Farm Club Song.)

Words and Music by B. H. Patterson

1. Down in old Missouri is a fighting Farm Club band,
They're full of pep and loyalty, well known
throughout the land.
They're fighting for a right to sell the crops they
work to raise,
At a price that will enable them to save for rainy
days.
The profiteers and gamblers on the city boards of
trade,
Are trying hard in ev'ry way to have this move
delayed,
By putting out their market bribes and propaganda
too,
But they're doomed to disappointment, as you'll
see before I'm through.

Refrain:

- "I'll Stick, I'll stick," is the motto I would teach;
Make your watchword "loyalty" and practice
what you preach.
Rally to the cause, boys, one hundred thousand strong
And we'll make the welkin ring,
As our Farm Club songs we sing;
"I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick"
I'll stick to the Farm Club, boys, forever.

2. Long we've toiled in wind and sun from dawn till
close of day,

To feed a hungry nation, and our many debts to pay.

We worked hard from our chins down while our heads were fast asleep,

And the gamblers paid us what they would for poultry, hogs and sheep.

But now we're wide awake, you bet, and up and coming strong;

We'll win our way to market boys, 'twill not take very long;

Go out into the by-ways, bring your neighbors to the fold,

And we'll win the fight for truth and right; my story I have told.

(Refrain)

I'll stick, I'll stick," is the motto I would teach;
Make your watchword loyalty, and practice what you preach.

Rally to the cause, boys, one hundred thousand strong
And we'll make the welkin ring,

As our Farm Club songs we sing;

"I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick"

I'll stick to the Farm Club, boys, forever.

ENCORE VERSES

3. When our country went to war for Right and Liberty,

To help the war-worn nations in their fight across the sea,

They told us loyal farmers that our food the war

Farm Club Songs

would win,

Then they handed us a package that would kill
the "man of sin."

'Twas "raise more cotton, raise more corn, more
barley oats and wheat."

And, "raise more cattle, hogs and sheep, and
ev'rything to eat."

They raised the price of everything the farmer had
to buy,

But as he toiled from dawn till dark, I heard the
farmer sigh:

(Refrain)

"I'll stick, I'll stick," said the farmer to his wife,

"I'll stick to my country, and if needed, give my
life;

We'll work for our boys who are fighting o'er the sea
Till they whip old Kaiser Hun,

And this cruel war is won;

I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick,

I'll stick to my country, dear, forever."

4. Our brave lads helped win the war and whipped
old Kaiser Bill,

But many thousands lost their lives before the
guns were still;

The farmers raised a pile of grub, the like was never
seen,

And they tho't to sell it for enough to wipe the
mortgage clean.

The gamblers said, "We've got him now, we'll
cause a market crash."

Five billion bones the farmers lost when prices
went to smash;

"I've got enough," the farmer said, "no more I'll be
the goat;

We'll organize, co-operate—pull hard!—don't
rock the boat!"

(Refrain)

"I'll stick, I'll stick," is the motto I would teach;
Make your watchword "loyalty" and practice
what you preach;

Rally to the cause boys, one hundred thousand strong
And we'll make the welkin ring,
As our Farm Club songs we sing;

"I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick"

I'll stick to the Farm Club, boys, forever.

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I'LL STICK.

Parody, by B. H. Patterson.

Once there was a bedbug and a lively little flea.

They started out together, boys, this grand old
world to see;

They hopped upon a maiden fair, her name was
Sallie Black,

And the bedbug said, "I'm hungry, say, let's eat
a little snack."

They tried it here and tried it there, to find a tender
spot.

And Sallie, she began to squirm, for things were
getting hot;

The bedbug said, "I've found it now, right here I'm
going to stay,"

And as they dug into that dame I heard the bedbug
say:

(Refrain)

"I'll stick, I'll stick," said the bedbug to the flea,
I'll stick to her ankle, and you bite her on the knee;
We'll make Sallie howl, when we both begin to dig,
And she'll cut the pigeon wing,

As she hunts for "that old thing;"

"I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick, I'll stick"

I'll stick to my Sally gal, forever."

(Sheet music of above song sent postpaid for 15c)

No. 21.

I'LL TELL YOU PENNY FELLOWS

YOU HAD BETTER GO SLOW

(Air, "Casey Jones.")

By Roy S. Dorman.

Revised and last verse by B. H. Patterson.

1. Now, come all you people, if you want to hear,
What the Farm Clubs 'round our town are doing
this year;

Well, every loyal member is just rearing to go
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.

We put in our exchange, and its here to stay,
And I'll tell you, boys, that we're going to make
it pay,

For we've saved lots of money on our binder twine,
On flour, feed and salt and such things of
that kind.

Refrain:

The old Farm Club is going to stay in our town,
And every man is up and ready to go;
The old Farm Club has saved us lots of money,
And I'll tell you penny fellows you had better
go slow.

2. Oh, we've got some farmers into legislature now,
And we're going to teach the bigbugs how to sweat
and plow,
For the old Farm Club believes in doing what's right,
And we're going to have a say-so if we have to start
a fight.

Not many years ago, you remember very fair,
There were not many people who became a
millionaire

Now we have them by the thousands, will have more
if we allow,

Who makes their money for them?—its the man
behind the plow.

Refrain:

The Old Farm Club sent some men to Jefferson,
The way they fought, now, made the gamblers go,
The Old Farm Club is going to win the battle,
And I'll tell you penny fellows you had better
go slow.

3. The profiteer is careful to stay in out of the rain,
And scheme to skin the farmer out of all his stock
and grain,
But when they get possession, I can tell you boys.

they're wise,
They will get a long price for it, they know how to
organize.
So we're going to stick together, and I know that we
will win,
And we will show the gamblers, we can stick through
thick and thin;
You can tell it to the world, that we have a right
to blow,
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.

Refrain:

The Old Farm Club is going to smash the gamblers,
We'll regulate, and make his profits low;
The man who toils deserves to get the money,
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.

4. Now, I'll tell you folks something that I will
never do,
I wouldn't sell myself for a penny or two;
But I know some people who are just that kind,
They will overlook a dollar, while they're grabbing
for a dime.
Now these profiteers and gamblers are as crooked as
a snake,
And these market bribes they offer you are nothing
but a fake.
I wouldn't sell out to them, for I couldn't stoop
that low.
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.

Farm Club Songs

Refrain :

The Old Farm Club will never sell to packers,
No loyal man will ever stoop that low,
And those who sell to them are dirty slackers,
And I'll tell you penny fellows. you had better
go slow.

5. Well the women now have organized a Women's
Farm Club Band,
And they're helping take the message to each farmer
in the land;
When they put their heads together they make things
up and go,
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that
rules the world,
And you might as well quit business if their wrath, at
you is hurled,
And I know we'll win the battle, it will not take
very long,
If the women all will help us,—I have sung my
little song.

Refrain :

The Auxillary Farm Club will help win the battle,
They're here to stay, now, boys, just watch 'em go.
They're after those who steal our grain and cattle,
And I'll tell you penny fellows, you had better
go slow.

Sheet music of the above song sent postpaid for 27c.

Farm Club Songs

No. 22.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

By Mrs. Julia F. Blackman.

NOTE: The following song was written by the beloved "Uncle Joe" about three months ago. The song is sung to the tune of "'Tis the Hand of God On the Wall." This is a beautiful message, and it gives us all the inspiring thought, that even though the mortal body of "Uncle Joe" is gone, her noble spirit is still "carrying on" the great struggle in which she was so deeply interested, that farmers might be made free. Save this song and learn to sing it in remembrance of "Uncle Joe."

1. We are marshaling our forces,
To protect our rights from wrong;
We're enrolling now for warfare,
Our troops are brave and strong.
Our battle cry is freedom,
And it comes from one and all;
Our "slavery" is finished—
It is written on the wall

Refrain:

'Tis the farmer's hand on the wall;
'Tis a mighty hand upon the wall,
'Tis the hand of organization.
You may read its ironclad message
While that hand is writing on the wall.

2. Our homes and sacred alters,

Farm Club Songs

We have cherished dear and long,
Now call to us for respite
From mighty deeds of wrong.
The dearest right of manhood
God gave unto us all,
We will rescue now forever—
It is written on the wall.

Refrain:

3. Our homes have been invaded,
By the gamblers in our land,
Till we are forced to open battle
On the profiteering band.
We will teach them law and duty,
Love and justice is for all.
We will teach them compensation
In the writing on the wall

Refrain:

'Tis the farmer's hand on the wall;
'Tis a mighty hand upon the wall;
'Tis the hand of compensation
In the hand of organization
That you see now writing on the wall

The best friend of the packer
Is a dirty penny slacker,
Who for one cent a dozen
Will keep the lies a-buzzin'
The produce men are telling
How they can beat us selling.

“Rimes” of the Times.

Farm Club Songs

No.23.

AWAY WITH GAMBLING

(Air, "Dixie.")

By "Uncle Joe" or Julia F. Blackman.

1. This beautiful land, God's own footstool,
Shall never submit to the grafter's rule.
Then away, then away, then away with gambling.
There's room for all to have a square deal.
And If you don't get yours stand up and squeal,
And squeal, and squeal and squeal on the gamblers.

Chorus:

There'll be no room for gamblers here, not here, not
here,
We hold the farmer's life too dear
To see it choked out by Gamblers.
Then away, away, away with profiteering.
Away, away, away with profiteering.

2. While our merchants price and sell their wares,
The farmer'll do his figgerin' on shares.
Then away, then away, then away with gambling.
And here we stand, a strong brotherhood
To wipe out gambling on our food.
Then away, then away, then away with gamblers.

Chorus:

3. For our counthy's free with equal right,
And if you don't get yours get up and fight,
And fight, and fight, and fight the gambler.
We'll feed the world as we've always done,
And the thief who robs we'll put on the run.

Then away, then away, then away with gambling.
Chorus:

4. This robbing each other has got to be stopped,
Or our great big boat is a-goin to be rocked,
Be rocked, be rocked, be rocked clean over.
For the time is a-comin' when the old scrape goat,
Will jump in the middle and rock the boat,
Rock the boat, rock the boat, the boat clean over.
(Chorus)

No. 24.

THE PATCH ON THE FARMER'S PANTS

. (Air, "The Patch On the Workingman's Pants.") .
As sung by Fama and Itrice Ellis.

There's many a patch in this wide world of ours,
You'll find them where-ever you look.
There are patches of onions, potatoes, and beans,
And everything else that you cook.
There are cucumber patches, and patches of dirt,
And many more patches, perchance,
But the patch that I sing of is a different thing,
'Tis the patch on the farmer's pants.

Chorus:

Oh, the patch on the Farmer's pants, on his pants,
The patch on the Farmer's pants.
The dude so derides it the poor fellow hides it,
The patch on the Farmer's pants.

2. It begins on the front while he is working eac.
day.

And the cloth rather threadbare has grown,
So his wife puts a patch on beneath the worn spot,
So neatly 'twould hardly be known,
But the cloth wears away from the patch day by day,
And in size there's a steady advance,
Oh it grows day by day in a sorrowful way,
Does the patch on the Farmer's pants.

(Chorus)

3. But at last the time comes when they cannot be
fixed.

And the wife shakes her head in despair.
Then bravely goes at it to mend them again,
There's no money to get a new pair.
For the children need clothes and they all must have
shoes,

And the interest must be paid in advance.
So a still larger piece must go in at the knee,
To the patch on the Farmer's pants.

(Chorus)

4. There's a sadder time still when his debts must
be paid,

And the profiteer takes all he has.
Now the patch is transferred to a different place,
On the part which his idleness wears.
And whichever way the poor fellow may turn,
His trouble is seen at a glance.
Turn which way he may, then his woe he'll display,
There's a patch on both sides of his pants.

Chorus:

5. There's a good time to come when the farmer

whose work,
Fills the world with its pleasure and pelf,
Shall no longer shrink in his patched seedy clothes,
But shall have what he makes for himself,
Let us preach the great doctrine of Farmer's Clubs,
And demand for each farmer a chance,
Then their banner unfurled, shall cover the world,
As the patch on the farmer's pants.

Chorus:

Then there'll be ne'er a patch on the farmer's pants,
No patch on the farmer's pants.
For the dude to deride, and the poor fellow hide,
No patch on the farmer's pants.

No. 25.

WELCOME

(Air, "Welcome Springtime.")

Words by Mrs. T. J. Holmes.

1. Welcome Farm Club members all are welcome here
And the many Clubs will down the profiteer,
To all "yellow backs" we'll bid a last adieu
Welcome loyal members, we will cheer for you.

Chorus:

Now a song, a song of welcome.
We will sing a joyful lay,
As a loyal, loyal tribute,
To our M. F. A.

2. When the busy farmers all get organized.

Then the profiteers and gamblers will be quite surprised.

For the stalwart farmer fights an honest fight,
Keep on Farm Club members, you are doing right.

No. 26.

FIGHTING FOR A "SQUARE DEAL"

(Air, "Marching Through Georgia.")

Words by J. A. Scott.

1. The farmer is a busy man, his work is never done.
Although he rises early and he works from sun to sun
He never will be idle as through life he makes the run
If he is fighting for a "square deal."

Chorus:

I'll stick, I'll stick, as one among the few;
I'll stick, I'll stick, and do what I can do.
If everyone will help us we will put the whole thing
through,
While we are fighting for a "square deal."

2. If only we'll get organized the cause will not be lost
We can sell things at a profit and get production cost
We'll scare away the profiteers and the middleman
exhaust,
If only we fight for a "square deal."

3. We've always been the "under dog" its time that
we were up,
For we have all the world to feed, no place for us
to stop,
For all the human race is looking to us for a crop,
While we are fighting for a "square deal."

4. We farmers have been much abused, we've always
been the goat,
The profiteer has bled us till he's nothing but a bloat.
The farmer has but little left, an old slouch hat and
coat.

It's time he was fighting for a "square deal."

Chorus:

No. 27.

THESE ARE THE ONES WE WANT

(Air, "Smiles.")

There are boys who take to banking,
There are boys that like the law,
There are boys that think the busy doctor
Is the one whose life has not a flaw.
There are boys who strive to make big fortunes,
But for us you need not feel alarm;
For the boys that we want in the future
Are the boys on the good old farm.

There are girls that think the city
Is the only place to go.
There are girls that do not care for cooking,
Nor have time to knit or sew,
There are girls who think the joy of living
Is an auto or a dress so fine;
But the girls that we want in the future,
Are the girls on the good old farm.

There are clubs for girls in sewing,
There are clubs in canning too;
There are clubs that teach us to feed poultry
As the best of poultry breeders do;
There are clubs for raising corn and taters,

Feeding pigs or calves or sheep so fine—
All these clubs to make us better farmers
Are the clubs of the 4-H sign.

There are clubs to spend your money,
There are clubs to join for fun.
There are clubs to chase along the cattle,
Or with clubs sometimes a game is won.
There are clubs we often swing for dumbbells;
There are clubs that father took to me,
But of all the clubs you ere could mention,
Is the Missouri Farmers' Club for me.

No. 28.

LOYALTY TO THE FARM CLUB

(Air, "Loyalty To the Master.")

Words by Mrs. Hattie Kirchner.

Loyalty to the Farm Club, loyalty to the Exchange,
Loyalty now and ever, cherrily let us sing.
Wholly at its command, let every member be,
Joyfully serving the Farm Club, serving with loyalty.

Chorus:

Loyal members let us joyfully march along,
Forward, Forward, with a triumphant song,
Onward, onward, a happy and loyal throng,
Loyal to our Farm Club and Exchange.

2. Loyalty to the Farm Club letting it lead the way,
Glorious is our banner, follow it every day,
Into the midst of battle, conquering as we go,
Victory we are promised over the deadly foe.

Chorus:

3. Loyalty to the Farm Club, looking to it alone,

Turning away from profiteers, farmers must hold
their own.

Onward, still onward pressing, seeing the starry prize
Each one loyal and faithful, boosting it to the skies.

Chorus:

No. 29.

WHEN THE WOMEN BEGIN TO VOTE

As Sung by J. R. Patterson

1. Things look blue, to tell to you,
Of that please make a note.

There'll be a big fuss, and a great big muss,
When the women begin to vote.

There'll be women lawyers and women doctors,
And women policemen too.

Women Judges and Car Conductors,
Then what will the poor man do?

2. There'll be policemen grand, you understand,
Oh, won't that be a sight?

And all you fellows'll hug lamp posts,
And Stay out late at night.

They'll knock you silly, with a big wooden billy,
And put you in a terrible stew.

Give you six months time, and ten dollars fine,
Then what will the poor man do?

3. They'll scratch and fight, with all their might.
There'll be the Devil to pay.

Rear and tear and pull your hair,
At the polls on election day.

They'll want to be Mayor, and wear short hair,
Mind what I say is true.
If they get a chance, they'll wear the pants,
Then what will the poor man do?

4. The Saloon they'll kill, with a Dynamite pill,
So the men can't get a drop,
If they had their way, believe what I say,
They would all start a milliner shop.
On the work they'd squeal, they'd never cook a meal,
Not a button on your shirt would they sew.
But a darned sight worse, we'd have the kids to nurse
Then what will the poor man do?

No. 30.

ORGANIZE, OH ORGANIZE

(Air, "Maryland, My Maryland.")

Words by G. W. Armstrong.

1. Ye farmers of this mighty land,
Organize, oh, organize,
Its bulwark evermore shall stand,
Organize, oh, organize,
For with the flag of right unfurled,
In spite of darts against you hurled,
You still must feed this hungry world.
Organize, oh, organize.

2. If you will come into your own,
Organize, oh, organize.
Its bulwark evermore to stand,
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere throughout the land,
The tillers of this soil must stand,
And be a firm united band,
Organize, oh, organize.

3. To firmly stand against each wrong,
Organize, oh, organize.
Or be forever overthrown,
Organize, oh, organize.
To break the bonds of slavery
That bind you now from sea to sea,
And from oppression to be free,
Organize, oh, organize.

4. Your calling was the first of earth,
Organize, oh, organize.
And ever since has proved its worth,
Organize, oh, organize.
Then, come, ye farmers good and true,
With good of all the earth in view,
The die is cast, it's up to you.
Organize, oh, organize.

Hey, you Farm Club rooster,
A question I would ask,
Are you a Farm Club Booster?
Willing to do your task;
Or, are you simply waiting
To see what "you fellers do;"
And harping long and prating,
Because things don't suit you?

"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 31.

"RUMPUS GAP"

(Air, "Angelo.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. 'Way down in the Ozark land,
There is a loyal Farm Club band;
They're full of pep and vim and fight,
And you can bet they spread the light; alright,
They call them "Rumpus Gap,"
And there is not a "slacker" chap
In all that country there for miles around.
Now, there's "Old Thad" and "Pisen Sam" and
"Billy Sunday," too,
And "Old Jim Riley," "Tightwad Jenkins," with his
wife so true;
They're out to see that all are loyal to the Farm Club
fight,,
And this song they sing each night:

Chorus:

"Old Rumpus Gap has got the pep,
We're in the fight for truth and right;
If you will all join in the fight, boys,
We'll whip the prof-it-eers;
For they must go with profits low;
Come all ye wise, let's organize;
We're fighting, now, that our children dear,
May be prospered through coming years."

2. Well, there's a tale they tell,
A Farm Club man once tried to sell

The farmers' stuff to profiteers
You should have heard him cry his fears, in tears,
When to a mountain high,
They led this crooked produce guy,
And let him look in-to the lake below.
They told him, "Now, be good, or you can go and
jump in the lake,
For we want loyalty all down the line, no 'market
bribes' take;"
He promised, and today he is the strongest Farm
Club man
In that Fighting Farm Club Clan.

Chorus:

Music of the above "Air" sent postpaid for 17c
No. 32.

WHERE'S MY SUMMER'S WAGES GONE?

(Air, "Blue Bells of Scotland.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. Oh where, and O where has my summer's wages
gone?

Oh where, and O where has my summer's labor gone?
It's gone to feed the gamblers who rob us everyone;
For they take all we make and they leave us ne'er a
bone.

2. O where, and O where is that good three-dollar
wheat

That two-dollar corn that we fed to five-cent meat?
'Tis gone to glut the gamblers, who love to lie and
cheat,

For they take all we make and they leave us none to
eat.

3. Suppose, O suppose that the farmers all should
quit,
Just keep all they raise, and not sell a tiny bit;
We'd hear those gamblers howl, and I can see them
throw a fit,
But its O, in their hearts, farmers will have none of it.

No. 33.

LEAD, M. F. A.

(Air, "Lead Kindly Light.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Lead, M. F. A., amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
I've worked for years to buy a little home,
I can't alone.
Keep thou my feet, and guide me on the way,
I need thy help and guidance from day to day.
2. I was not ever thus, nor asked that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I was an individualist, but now,
That idea's gone.
We'll organize, and win in spite of fears,
That we may prosper through the coming years.
3. So long thy pow'r hast helped me, surely it still
Will lead me on.
Through toil and tears and many battles till
The night is gone.
And with the morn, let farmers' faces smile,
The fight is won, then let them rest awhile.

No. 34.

SWEET AUTUMN DAYS

(Air, "Auld Lang Syne.")

Words by Ann Florence Murphy.

1. Sweet autumn days upon the farm,
When I was but a child,
Days not too cold, nor yet too warm,
And life seemed calm and mild.

Chorus:

Sweet autumn days, sweet autumn days,
The earth in mellow haze;
Oh, how I love your quiet ways,
Sweet golden autumn days!

2. The cattle browsing on the hills,
The corn shocks in the sun,
The last wild flowers, the quiet rills,
How peaceful, everyone!

Chorus.

3. The pears and apples stored away,
The pumpkins, too, and grain,
The wood piled high against the day
Of cold and snow and rain.

Chorus:

4. When fancy turns to bygone days,
Their beauty still will shine
Adown the years through dreary ways
And light this path of mine.

Chorus:

No. 34.

MY BANK ACCOUNT IS GONE

(Air. "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. All around the farm I've wandered,
From dawn till close of day,
Thinking of the toil I've squandered,
Trying to make the old farm pay.
I've tried to save a little money,
Since I ceased to roam,
And fix the place up for my honey,
But my bank account is gone.

Chorus:

Down in the cornfield,
I've worked on and on,
But it seems that I have lost it,
For my bank account is gone.

2. Once I bought a lot of cattle,
Tried some cash to make,
Thought they'd help me win the battle,
If a profit I could make.
But the profiteer and packer
Brought the prices down,
Now I'm called a dirty slacker
For my bank account is gone.

Chorus:

3. When the autumn leaves are falling,
And the days grow cold,
'Tis hard to hear the children calling
That their clothes are worn and old.

But it seems the farmers' dollar
Has no show in town,
That's just why the children holler,
And my bank account is gone.

Chorus:

4. Where the ivy is a-creeping,
O'er the cottage wall,
There my wife is sadly weeping,
And I hear the children squall,
I cannot work before tomorrow,
Thinking of our wrongs,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Singing our good Farm Club Songs.

Chorus:

No. 35.

THREE BLIND MEN (Round)

(Air, "Three Blind Mice.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

- (1) Three blind men, three blind men,
- (2) Went to the pen, went to the pen.
- (3) One had two pennies right o'er his eyes,
Another one wouldn't help organize,
- (4) The other one carried a lot of lies
For produce men.

What I call a "dub" is a man in our club,
Who pays in his two and a half
And the rest of the year helps the profiteer.

To give our good cause the laugh,

"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 37.

NOW WE'RE IN THE BATTLE

(Air, "Just Before the Battle, Mother.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. Now we're in the battle, brother,
Fighting for the farmers' right,
We must have your help, my brother,
If we ever win the fight
Don't you hear the children calling?
Help them through the coming years;
Save them from a lot appalling
If we bow to profiteers.

Chorus:

Oh, my brother, now we need you,
Help us win the fight today,
For profiteers will rob and bleed you,
If we let them have their way.

2. See the women now are helping,
Spread the message o'er the land,
Soon the gamblers will be yelping,
When the women take a hand.
Do not stand aside and comment,
Shed your coat, get in the fray,
We farmers must all work together,
If we ever win the day.

Chorus.

3. Hark! I hear the Farm Clubs singing,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
"Farm Club Songs" are loudly ringing,
"Loyal Stand" for Truth and Right.

Hear the "Battle Cry of Vict'ry,"
 "Fighting for the Farmers' Rights,"
 You'll find "It's hard to beat the farmer,"
 When he sheds his coat and fights.
 Chorus.

No. 38.

A LITTLE MAN

(For Little Boys. Air, "America.")
 Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. I'm just a little man,
 I'll do the best I can
 To sing a song.
 I love my mama, dear,
 And when my daddy's near,
 No Boo-gie man I fear,
 I know it's wrong.
2. Some day when I get big,
 I'll get a great big rig
 Just like my pa's;
 I'll have big horses gray,
 And fix them up so gay,
 I'll drive them every day,
 Up to gran'ma's.
3. One night I went with dad,
 And a nice time I had
 At the Farm Club;
 They had a lot of pies,
 Ice cream and cake so nice,
 A great big chunk of ice,
 There in a tub.

No. 39.

THERE'S MUSIC IN OUR CLUB

(Air, "There's Music In The Air")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

1. There's music in our Club,
When the "Farm Club Songs" we sing,
Our program has some pep,
Happiness to all we bring.
Many happy voices sound
With a thrill of joy profound,
While they list, enchanted throng,
To a jolly Farm Club Song.

2. There's music in our Club,
After the day's toil is o'er,
And we all meet again
To hear the children sing some more
Farmers with their families dear,
Gather in from far and near,
Well-filled baskets they all bring,
When we meet to have a sing.

3. There's music in our Club,
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As the pensive beauties die.
Then, oh, then, with the loved ones near,
We meet with our Club to hear
Farmers' voices blend in song,
We're a jolly happy throng.

No. 40

WE WANT DOUGH

(Air, "Old Black Joe.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Gone are the days when I made the old farm pay,
Gone is my toil in the fields from day to day.
The more crops I grow, the more in debt I go,
The profiteers are loudly calling, "We want dough"

Chorus.

I'm weary, I'm weary,
And my bank account is low,
I hear those gamblers loudly calling
"We want dough."

2. Why do I toil in the fields from sun to sun?
Why should I strive to get a little mon?
The profiteers can rob us when they choose,
And you can tell the world that I have got the blues.

Chorus

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children, dear, that I held upon my knee?
They left the farm, to the city they must go,
They caught the universal ailing, "Get more dough."

Chorus

4. Lets organize, ye farmers of our land,
Stand side by side, a loyal fighting band,
If we will try, we'll win the fight I know,
And then the profiteers can watch us get the dough.

Chorus

No. 41.

RISE UP, YE FARMERS!

(Air, "Stand Up For Jesus.")

As Sung by "Rumpus Gap."

1. Rise up, rise up, ye farmers,
And tillers of the land;
Come join our loyal Farm Club,
Become one of our band.
From victory unto victory
The farmers we shall lead,
Till every hayseed farmer's
A member true, indeed.
2. Rise up, rise up, ye farmers,
Why do you thus delay?
Come help us in the battle
We're waging day by day.
Our struggle is a just one,
It's surely for the right;
Come leave the paths of darkness
And wield with us the light.
3. Rise up, rise up, ye farmers,
Before it is too late;
Look! See the king, Oppression,
Who standeth at our gate.
Unite, go out to meet him
And drive him from our land;
To fight alone means perish,
United, we shall stand.
4. Rise up, rise up, ye farmers,
And duty's call obey,

Put on the Farm Club armor
And enter in the fray.
Work faithfully, ye members,
Give a square deal to all,
This is our Farm Club motto,
Come heed the trumpet's call.

No. 42.

STICK BOYS! LOYAL STAND!

(Air, "Dip, Boys, Dip.")

Words, by B. H. Patterson.

1. The moon is out tonight, boys,
Let's go and join our clan;
We know we're in the right, boys,
With our good Farm Club plan.

Chorus:

Stick, Boys, loyal stand!
To our faithful and fighting band;
Viet'ry ours shall be,
From the mountains to the sea.

2. Let every loyal man, boys,
His neighbor go and see;
Bring him into the Clan, boys,
If winners we would be.

Chorus.

3. We have the world to fight, boys,
All greed is organized;
If we'll all stand for right, boys,
I know they'll be surprised.

Chorus.

No. 43.

TOILING THROUGH THE WHEAT FIELDS

(Air, "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

Words by Mrs. J. M. Williams.

1. In this grand and glorious country
There'd be room for every one
If the gambling thieves were shacked
In the way it should be done.
If the men in trust would do the right,
And not their duty shun—
As we go marching on.

Chorus:

Gambler, gambler in the wheat pit,
Boosting grain ere people eat it,
Robbing farmers as you see fit—
While we keep toiling on.

2. The nation wanted much to eat;
To raise it we took pride;
But a dollar-quarter for our wheat
And ten cents for a hide
Has made us rather weary,
And our patience sorely tried—
As we keep toiling on.

Chorus:

3. The cattle in our pasture,
As they grow they shrink in price,
A beefstake at a boarding house
Becomes a smaller slice,
We see our profits dwindle

Like a cake of summer ice—

But taxes still go on.

Chorus:

4. It costs us seven dollars

Every day to pay a hand,

And fifteen cents for threshing

Took the profit from the land,

Just how we're going to make ends meet

'Tis hard to understand—

But we'll try, try again.

Chorus:

5. There is room for much improvement;

Many men are so unjust,

They forget the silver dollar

Alway reads: "In God we trust,"

If the men don't soon improve things,

We will know the women must—

Then we'll be marching on.

Chorus:

6. Now we don't intend to grumble

For we're not that kind of stuff,

But the way the railroads hold us up

We think is pretty tough,

For we'd like a little profit

When the others get enough—

So we can still toil on.

Chorus:

Better homes, better schools, better boys, better girls,
W. P. F. C. ! M. F. A. ! Farmers !

No. 44.

MISSOURI SMILES

(Air, "Missouri Waltz")

Words by Mrs. Edith M. Foraker.

Down in old Missouri, don't you hear that steady
noise?

'Tis the voices of the farmers, their wives, girls and
boys.

Their voices are swelling, to the world they are telling
We must have a fair deal, if you want a square meal.
Down in old Missouri, you can ride for miles and
miles,

You'll find Mother Nature dressed in very latest
styles.

You'll find springs and rills and deep wooded hills,
In the land of a million smiles.

Chorus:

Hum——— Hum——— Seems I hear those farmer's
wives prophesying.

Hum——— Hum——— We'll lead the world by
and by.

Farmer's clubs are growing, as no clubs have
grown before.

Come and be a member as we always need one more,
We'll make farm life brighter, our work will seem
lighter,

If you wear a smile just once in a while.

Down in ————— County everybody's organized.

If you knew the work we're doing, you would be surprised;

We're all full of pep, each one keeping step,
Our rights must be recognized.

Chorus:

* (Name of any place may be used.)

Music of the above "Air" sent postpaid for 27c.

No. 45.

IT'S A HARD THING TO BEAT THE FARMER

(Air, "Tipperary.")

Words by Mrs. Hattie Kirchner

1. We'r a band of farmers

From the *----- Farm Club Band,

We're helping take the message
To each farmer in the land.

For if we give this cause up, boys,
I'll tell you we are beat.

Come, let's all make these profiteers
Go back and take a seat.

Chorus:

It's a hard thing to beat the farmer,

It's a hard thing to do.

You'll go a long way to beat the farmer,
It's a job you can't get through.

Then, come, all my fellow boosters,
I'm telling it to you.

You'll go a long, long way to beat us farmers,
Surely we are for you.

2. Now you farmers all should come
And join this loyal band.

It's the greatest Farmers' Band
In all this mighty land.
Come, don't you be a slacker, now,
For there is work to do,
Stand loyal with the M. F., A.
To your exchange be true.

Chorus:

(* Insert name of any Farm Club.)

Music of the above "Air" sent postpaid for 27c.

No. 46.

ON TO VICTORY

(Air, the same.)

Words by Mrs. Chas. Gideon.

1. There are foes that must be conquer'd
There are battles we must win;
There are trusts that must be broken,
That are run by men of sin;
Let us enter in the struggle,
Ever march upon our way,
We must take control ourselves and
win the day.

Chorus:

On to victory! On to victory! On to Victory!
Is the Farm Club cry!
On to victory! On to victory! On to Victory!
We'll conquer by and by

2. There are hosts of men among us,
That our goal they do not see;
There are many still in bondage,

They are slaves that must be free;
 Let us all be up and doing,
 Ever found within the fray,
 We must all join hands just now and
 win the day.

3. There are many farmers failing,
 They are failing everywhere;
 They would not join our Farm Club now
 They are lost and need our care,
 Fall in line and stick together,
 That's the way we'll make it pay.
 Then the Farm Clubs will control and
 win the day.

Chorus:

No. 47.

FARM CLUB BELLS

(Air, "Hear the Bells.")

Words by Mrs. Hattie Kirchner.

1. The Farm Club bells are pealing,
 And the strain is full of glee.
 They will ring it o'er the nation,
 We are striving to be free.

Chorus.

Farm Club bells, how they blend,
 How their welcome voices glide.
 Farm Club bells, joyous bells,
 How they echo far and wide.

2. The Farm Club bells are ringing
 In a happy prophecy.

That the farmer shall hereafter
Some of the profits see.

Chorus:

3. The Farm Club bells are calling.
And it's this they seem to say:
Ev'ry Club member be loyal,
Then we're sure to win the day.

Chorus:

4. Oh, Farm Club bells, how welcome
Are the tidings that you bear,
The profiteer we'll banish
From getting all our share.

Chorus:

No. 48.

GET TOGETHER

(Air, "Catch the Sunshine.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Get together, all ye farmers,
There is lots of work to do;
Spread the message o'er the nation,
We must see the farmer through.
Go out quickly in the byways,
Get each farmer far and near,
We must organize or perish,
Shout it loud so all can hear!

2. Get together, do not let them
Fool you with their poison bait;
Let each farmer in the nation
Organize before too late.

Don't give up and say, "Forsaken,"
 Don't begin to say, "I'm sad;"
 See your neighbors 'round you fighting,
 Help them out and make them glad.

3. Get together, all ye farmers,
 We must strive if we would win;
 We can build our way to market
 If we'll stiek through thick and thin.
 Join your neighbor, work together,
 Overcome your selfish fears,
 And we'll get a little profit
 For our toil through coming years.

No. 49.

BOYS, WE'RE WINNING. (Round)

(Air, "Scotland's Burning.")

Words by B. H. Patterson.

- (1) Boys, we're winning; boys, we're winning;
- (2) Stand fast! stand fast!
- (3) Fight! fight! fight, fight!
- (4) Smash the gamblers! smash the gamblers!

The great American farmer
 Is a cheerful geezer, by heck;
 When he sells a bushel of stuff,
 He gets paid for oniy a peck.
 The ultimate consumer
 Is another chump, they say;
 When he buys a peck of stuff,
 For a bushel he has to pay.

"Rimes" of the 'Times.

No. 50.

THE BROKEN PANE

(Air, the same.)

Arr. by D. E. Scoles.

1. 'Twas a bitter night of a cold December,
The eve of a Christmas morn ,
The time when old and young remember,
The Christ in the manger born.
While the world rejoiced, there were hearts that
suffered
In a hut so poor and plain ;
When the snow on the wings of the wind was carried,
Through the cracks in the broken pane.

Chorus:

With no eye to see and no heart to pity,
Where cold and hunger reign,
And the howling winds that knew no mercy,
Drove the snow through the broken pane.

2. On the cold, bare floor of that cheerless dwelling,
By cold and hunger kept,
A wife and child were waiting, list'ning
For a drunkard's tot'ring step.
'Tis a drunkard's home, 'twas once all happy-
'Tis sin that brings us pain,
When Santa comes, how he mocks at sorrow,
Like the wind through the broken pane.

Chorus:

3. 'Tis just ten years since before the altar,
They vowed from the sacred verse,

In their pledge, to love, to honor, cherish,
For the better or for the worse.
The worse has come, and has brought its demons
Who bound their clanking chain,
'Round that happy home and soon there followed
The snow through the broken pane.

Chorus:

4. "Don't cry, dear mama." came a whisper,
"You make me feel so lone,
Why don't you sing, as once you used to,
The song of "Home, Sweet Home?"
Draw me closer 'pon your bosom, Mama,
'Cause I know you're not to blame;
I'm warmer, now, it must be Jesus
Warms the wind through the broken pane."

Chorus:

5. When the sun arose on that Christmas morning,
To shine on the earth below,
A drunken father lay half buried,
And froze in the drifted snow.
To the cold, bare room of that wretched cottage,
That night God's angel came;
And the sun shone in on two cold white faces,
Through the cracks in the broken pane.

(Sheet music of above song sent postpaid for 17c)

Now I have a young friend who will stay till the end,
No matter how hard the day's work,
For he is one lad who loves his old dad,
And no task will this young man shirk.

"Rimes" of the Times.

No. 51.

THE DREAM OF THE JUDGMENT

(Air, the same)

Words Anonymous.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment morning
Had dawned and the trumpet had blown,
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
In judgment before the white throne.
From the throne came a bright shining angel
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore with his hand raised to Heaven
That time was no longer to be.

Chorus:

And oh! what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost ones were told of their fate,
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayers were too late.

2. The rich man was there but his riches
Had melted and vanished away,
A pauper he stood in the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there but his greatness,
When death came, was left far behind;
The angel who carried the record,
No trace of his greatness could find.

Chorus:

3. The widow was there and the orphan,
God heard and remembered their cries;

No sorrow in heaven forever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there, and the drunkard,
And the men who had sold him the drink;
With the people who granted the license,
Together in hell they did sink.

Chorus:

4. The moral man stood in the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus,
Had passed off as moral men, too.
And the souls who had put off salvation,
"Not tonight, I'll get saved, bye and bye,
No time now to think of religion,"
At last they had found time to die.

Chorus:

(Sheet music of above song sent postpaid for 17c)

Why should I ryme most all the time unless
semething I say? For I would balk at making talk,
without a cent of pay, did I not think that printer's
ink when mixed with proper brains, could help the
fight for truth and right, until no one remains with-
out the fold. When winds blow cold, and sum-
mer's toil is o'er, I'll take my Ford and spread the
word to several hundred more about the great work
in our state, the grand old M. F. A., how it plays
"hobb" with those who rob the farmer of his pay.

"Rimes" of the Times.

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 46. On To Victory. Same.
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 27. These Are the Ones We Want Smiles.
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 9. We're Winning, It's Morning.
 29. When the Women Begin to Vote. Same.

No. 52.

GO FORTH, THOU LITTLE BOOK

(Air, "Robin Adair.")

Words by B. H. Patterson

1. Go forth, thou little book, thy treasures share
 With the kind friends who look at thee with care.
 Help bring them joy and mirth,
 Make their lives brighter here on earth;
 Thou mayst cheer mighty throngs
 With thy good songs.

2. King friends, this is the last message to you,
 Don't sing the songs too fast, look the book through.
 Let everybody sing,
 Help make the welkin ring;
 Tell the world of our wrongs,
 With "Farm Club Songs."

M. F. A.! **M. F. A.!** Here to stay!! **Farm Clubs.**
Farmer's Wives, Farmer's Wives, All our Lives Loyal

My Friend, Farewell; here let me tell
 You how to make the farm pay:
 Be Loyal, man to our good Clan,
 And **BOOST** for the

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